



HAPPY TALK

As we all know, conversation is terribly important on a date. When lulls in the conversation run longer than an hour or two, one's partner is inclined to grow lousy—even sulky. But occasionally one finds it difficult to keep the talk going, especially when one is having a first date with one. What, then, does one do? If one is wise, one follows the brilliant example of Harlow Thurlow.

Harlow Thurlow prepares. That is his simple secret. When Harlow is going to take out a new girl, he makes sure in advance that the conversation will not languish. Before the date, he goes to the library and reads all 24 volumes of the encyclopedia and transcribes their contents on his cuffs. Thus he makes sure that no matter what his date's interests are, he will have ample material to keep the conversation alive.

Take, for example, Harlow's first date with Priscilla de Gasser, a fine, strapping, blue-eyed beauty of a girl, lavishly constructed and rosy as the dawn.

Harlow was, as always, prepared when he called for Priscilla, and, as always, he did not start to converse immediately. First he took her to dinner because, as everyone knows, it is easier to try to make conversation with an united crew. Her attention span is negligible. Also, her stomach rumbles so loud it is difficult to make yourself heard.



"Wash your cuffs and be my love!"

So he took her to a fine steak house where he dinked her with goblets of Black Angus and mounds of French fries and thickets of escargot and battalions of petit fours. Then, at last, dinner was over and the waiter brought two finger bowls.

"I hope you enjoyed your dinner, my dear," said Harlow, dipping into his finger bowl.

"Oh, it was grandy-dandy!" said Priscilla. "Now let's go someplace for ribs."

"Later, perhaps," said Harlow. "But right now, I thought we might have a conversation."

"Oh, goody, goody, two-shoes!" cried Priscilla. "I been looking everywhere for a boy who can carry on a intelligent conversation."

"Your search is ended, madam," said Harlow, and pulled back his sleeves and looked at his cuffs to pick a likely topic to start the conversation.

Oh, woe! Oh, lookaday! Those cuffs on which Harlow had painstakingly transcribed so many facts—those cuffs on which he had noted such diverse and fascinating information—those cuffs, I say, were nothing now but a big, blue blur! For Harlow—poor Harlow!—splashing around in the finger bowl, had gotten his cuffs wet and the ink had run and not one word was legible! And Harlow—poor Harlow!—looked upon his cuffs and broke out in a night sweat and fell dumb.

"I must say," said Priscilla after several silent hours, "that you are a very dull fellow. I'm leaving."

With that she dashed away and poor Harlow was too crestfallen to protest. Sadly he sat and sullenly lit a cigarette.

All of a sudden Priscilla came rushing back. "Was that," she asked, "a Marlboro you just lit?"

"Yes," said Harlow.

"Then you are not a dull fellow," she cried, and sprang into his lap. "You are bright! Anybody is bright to smoke such a perfect joy of a cigarette as Marlboro which is just chock full of yummy flavor, which has a Selectrate filter which comes in a soft pack that is really soft, and a Flip-Top box that really flips, and which can be bought wherever cigarettes are sold in all fifty states and Duluth . . . Harlow, tiger, wash your cuffs and be my love."

"Okay," said Harlow, and did, and was.

© 1962 Philip Morris

The makers of Marlboro cigarettes, who print this column at hideous expense throughout the school year, are ever happy for Harlow—and for all the rest of you who have discovered the pleasures of Marlboro.

